



Little Stories For Bedtime

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

WHY GRANNY FOX'S CLEVER PLAN FAILED

The best laid plans of foxes fail. Sometimes, and only trouble make.

Just like some plans of girls and boys. Who thought of others seldom take.

When Old Man Coyote, chuckling to himself, left Peter Rabbit and the old brier patch he went straight over to the place where he took his sun nap every day to look around. His sharp eyes soon saw the place where Reddy Fox had been lying in the grass to watch him; for, of course, the grass was pressed down by the weight of Reddy's body.

"Peter Rabbit told me the truth, sure enough, and I guess I owe him a good turn," murmured Old Man Coyote as he studied and studied to see what Reddy could be up to by watching him every day. You see, he is so sharp and clever himself that he was sure right away that Reddy had some plan in mind to bring him to the same place every day.

But he didn't let on that he knew anything about what was going on. Oh, my no! The next day, just as usual, he curled up for his sun nap only this time he took care to lie in such a way that he would be looking toward Reddy's hiding place. Then he pretended to go to sleep, but if you had been there and looked into his eyes you would have found no sleepy-winks there. No, sir; you wouldn't have found a single sleepy-wink, not one! Instead, his eyes were as bright as if there was no such thing as sleep. He saw Reddy steal out of the Green Forest. Then he closed his eyes, all but just a tiny, wee crack, through which he could see Reddy's hiding place; but all the time he looked as if his eyes were shut tight. Reddy crept as softly as he could, which is very softly indeed, to his hiding place, and lay down to watch. Old Man Coyote pretended to be very fast asleep, and every once in a while he would make believe to snore. But all the time he was watching Reddy. After a little while Reddy tip-toed away until he felt sure that it was safe to run. Then he hurried as fast as he could go to report to old Granny Fox in the Green Forest. Old Man Coyote chuckled as he watched Reddy disappear.

"I don't know what it all means," said he, "but if he and old Granny Fox think that they are making one of the biggest mistakes of their lives."

The next day and the next the same thing happened, but one day after that Reddy only stopped long enough to make sure that Old Man Coyote

was there just as usual, then hurried away to the top of the Crooked Little Path that comes down the hill, where he barked three times. Old Man Coyote watched him go and heard him bark.

"That's some kind of a signal," said he to himself, "and unless I am greatly mistaken it means mischief. I think I won't take a nap today, for I want to see what is going on."

With that Old Man Coyote made a very long leap off to one side, then two more, so as to leave no scent to show which way he had gone. Then chuckling to himself, he hurried to the Green Forest and hid where he



He Sat Up and Laughed

could watch Reddy Fox. He saw Reddy hide on the edge of the Green Forest, where he could watch Farmer Brown's dooryard, and then he crept up where he could watch, too. Of course he saw old Granny Fox when she led Bowser the Hound down across the Green Meadows, and he guessed right away what her plan was. It tickled him so that he had to clap both hands over his mouth as he watched sly old Granny take Bowser straight over to his napping place, and when he saw how surprised she was to find him gone, he sat up and laughed until all the little people on the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest heard him. Old Man Coyote chuckled as he watched Reddy disappear.

Next story: Granny Fox Has Another Disappointment.

JUVENILE LOGIC

Tommy—What does L.L.D. after a man's name mean?
Jimmy—I guess it means that he's a lung and liver doctor.—New York

Ribbon-Flowers for Her Hat



There must be at least one small, smart hat adorned with bits from the ribbon-flower garden. This is a Peggy Hoyt.

For Traveling



As July approaches, of course her thoughts turn to that vacation by motor, or if not by motor, one in which there will be at least be in motor rides, and she needs must have a wrap which turns the dust. With this in mind Irene Rich, Goldwyn actress, achieves travel smartness in this rubberized linen motor coat, handstitched in cream-colored wool.

Latest Fashions In Germany



Germany still has her fashion shows. Probably you've rarely seen anything more gorgeous than this wrappy moleskin garment with its heavy tassels. Milady of the suit is sporting a sash quite as fringed as those worn in America. And notice the pumps—you probably have a pair like them yourself.

Strategic Purpose Back Of Woman's Foundation

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Mrs. George Barnett and Mrs. C. C. Calhoun, nationally known through their work in connection with various women's organizations, are leading the National Woman's Foundation movement which has for its object the establishment of a mobilization center in Washington for women.

The Woman's Foundation has secured a beautiful wooded estate of ten acres near the heart of Washington. The purchase price was \$500,000 and the buildings proposed are to cost between four and five millions. The chief building will be a national club house for women. A campaign for funds for the erection of this will be launched soon throughout the entire United States.

The first meeting will probably be held in New York in the ball room of Mrs. Vincent Astor. In Philadelphia the women will gather at the home of Mrs. James Sullivan.

The movement has every appearance of being an effort at concentration for a show down that will make equal suffrage and an equal voice in the government a working fact rather than an inoperative theory.

Mrs. Calhoun and Mrs. Barnett are silent on this, however. They refuse to go farther than to say that the movement will be a "clearing house for women's activities."

Wife—The tailor said he couldn't make the gown for less than \$125, so I told him to go ahead.
Hub—Why in the world didn't you consult me first?
Wife—I didn't want to spend a nickel telephoning dear.—From the New Haven Register.

Miss "Houdini"



Alma Mann, 11-year-old star swimmer, is going to New York from the Panama Canal Zone to exhibit her stunts. One of them is to release herself from heavy chains under water.

SASHES DARE TO BE CAPRICIOUS



Sashes dare be capricious, thus this one, worn by Leatrice Joy, Goldwyn actress (left), ties in a huge butterfly bow in front. The gown is trimmed generously with beads and is very irregular as to line.

When a frock like that at the right finds its ornamentation in its own material, then does it seek extreme simplicity of line, as does this gown of Martha Mansfield (Seznick), which is a hyacinth blue over pink with a silver tissue belt. Taupe chiffon heavily headed in medallion designs over an embroidered short-sleeved foundation is the material used in the fashioning of the center frock, worn by Betty Campbell, Paramount picture (center).

CONFESSIONS OF A HUSBAND!

The Man's Side of Married Life

A Very Joyous Farewell

That evening I told Dot about taking Edith to lunch, but she did not seem very much interested. She asked one or two languid questions and then dropped the subject, which was something of a relief to me.

Dot's mother and father were to leave that evening on an 8 o'clock train; they would have to go down to the station right after dinner. I noted their bags in the hall, and the sight gave me a great deal of quiet satisfaction.

"I suppose we had better take a taxi," I said to my wife.

"No, we won't have to," she assured me. "In fact, we aren't going to bother you at all."

"That's good news, but who is going to carry the grip?"

"George is coming by in his car and will take us to the station. You can't come along even if you want to, because there's room only for four."

"George? I didn't know he could drive. Edith has always done the driving when we've been out together."

"Well, I certainly hope he can. I say, Dot, I'd much rather you wouldn't take chances on his driving. Let me call him up and say you've changed your mind."

"Silly! Nothing's going to happen. One would think we were going on some wild adventure to look at the long face you're making. We're going to drive down to the Pennsylvania

railroad station and come right back."

"Why doesn't Edith take you down? She knows how to manage a car much better than he does."

"Then she and I would have to ride back together alone. Besides, I'd rather trust George's driving than Edith's, for he isn't so reckless."

"Still I felt uneasy. I would be glad to see Dot come home again. I am afraid that my goodbye to my parents-in-law was more cordial than my welcome had been. Their departure took a big load off my mind."

"Dot and I practically never quarreled when they weren't around, and I looked forward to being alone with her again. We would understand each other better, and the things that were bothering me—especially that nonsense about Edith—would be easier to face."

Perhaps I would find some way to tell Dot the whole story, and then everything would be all right.

George came to the apartment. He looked a little flustered, and explained that the self-starter had been balky, but that he had finally managed to get the car to run. I helped him carry the grip downstairs.

His very evident ignorance about cars did not make me feel one bit easier. At the last moment I wanted to go instead of Dot, but she insisted that she had to take her parents to the train.

(To be continued.)
Camel's thorn is much used for fuel in southwestern Asia.

AIRPLANES FOR 60 CENTS

The British government recently sold a number of airplanes for 60 cents apiece at the Lincoln airshow disposal sale in London.

The machines had become out of date after several years of service and had been junked; the wings and the engines being removed. Nevertheless, the purchasers who paid 60 cents for an airplane received the body of the machine with the copper fittings and pipes, which in all originally cost several hundred dollars.

The purchasers, for the greater part, were anxious to buy the planes to break up for firewood during the coal shortage. Small boys dragged their fathers along to buy a plane so that they might get the wheels to use on scooters and homemade automobiles.—From the New York Tribune.



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—when you make Chocolate Bread Pudding

Take 2 large cups crumbled bread. Let stand 1/2 hour, covered with 1 cup boiling milk. Beat 2 eggs and add 1/2 cup sugar, 4 tablespoons Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate, butter size of walnut and pinch of salt. Add this to milk and bread crumbs. Flavor with vanilla extract and bake 1 hour in a covered buttered dish, in a medium oven. Serve with hard sauce, whipped cream or vanilla sauce.

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